THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 74.

Boston, Saturday, September 26, 1807.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 98.

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An observation of the particular characters of individuals remarkable for singular eccentricity of manner, mind or disposition, often affords amusement in hours of relaxation from the more important concerns of life; and while such a study gratifies the imagination by the novelties it has developed, improves the heart by the reflection it must naturally excite. The characters of men, taken in the aggregate, are nearly allied, if considered in relation to their talents and their actions; the space which they occupy seldom rises into inequalities, but a dull uniformity most generally prevails. Any abrupt declivity or sudden elevation in the mass of intellectual capacity, thus so equally spread, soon attracts notice from the diligent, and is considered with greater vigilance as the deviation from general regularity may be more remarkable. From this estimate of the universal diffusion of ability, it will be found that few persons exist, whose characters will produce much pleasure from investigation, and still fewer will be discovered capable of exciting wonder. The partiality of friendship and the malignity of envy, may be interested in the mind and actions of particular individuals; but how few are there among our acquaintances, indeed how few in this community, who can afford an example of such stability or decision of character as the stream of time will not soon wash from remembrance. The fame of Washington and Franklin will survive the wrecks of ages and the lapse of years; but the reputation of Humphries, or of Webster, originally imbibing the corruptive principle of perishability, will sink long before those wrecks into the gulf of oblivion.

Howard, a man without the eccentricities of genius, but in whom humanity was eccentric, will survive in fame the pigmy philanthropists of the day, just as much as his intrinsic worth has greater claim to immortality than that of the ephemeral founders of petty benevolent institutions. Not that the founders of these institutions are without their merit or their reward. But they have not the energetic and almost supernatural impulse, they have not the enterprise of benevolence, the hardihood of philanthropy, that consecrated the character of the other to permanent renown. They mingle in one word with the mass of men.

It would not perhaps be regretted, that ability should be so regularly

dispersed, did we not find in the solution of the proposition, a radical impurity in the principle on which it is founded. The love of wealth seems to be the leveller of all the boundaries of character in this country; it has drawn as if by a general impulse, all our natural propensities into its single channel, and if the original principles which nature implanted for our direction and support, ever spring into operation, the effect is produced from some circumstance of such general importance that the power of avarice is for a moment, inactive and inert. This thirst for property, however the promoters of usury, and the active accumulators of capital may conceive it invidious and improper to be urged, has demeaned our nation in the eyes of every other on the earth; and the suggestion of magnanimous policy in a national, and of generous feeling in an individual point of view, would, as connected with *America*, be considered, if not a solecism in language, at least an absurd and inadmissible idea.

All the propensities for literature, science and the arts in this country, are repressed, if not by the odium of the rich, arising from the dissimilarity of their pursuits to those of the learned, and from their contempt of every other, yet by that unwillingness to afford encouragement to meritorious exertions, which is the peculiar attribute of a contracted disposition, the necessary concomitant of avarice. There is no nation where great talent united with great learning is so rare as in the United States; and there is certainly no country where a disposition to accumulate riches, in defiance of every danger, in opposition to the precepts of law, and the obligations of truth is so generally mingled in the community. There are countries, indeed, where from the want of education the oppression of government, or from physical inability the people are ignorant, contracted and barbarous; but in a country like this, where such abundant opportunities are afforded for instruction, where the people are neither weak, from oppressive tyranny nor constitutional imbecility, and where every citizen can if he please have means of improvement in his power, it is a distressing truth that we have so neglected to improve our chances for renown; but it is a disgraceful fact, that, the love of MONEY should have been the cause of that neglect. There are exceptions to this general observation of our country to be found in our own metropolis; and we hail them as propitious omens of future eminence. Indeed, the establishment of a late institution* for the extensive promotion of literature, we view with pride, as in some degree realising the truth, that a generous support to the enterprize of genius, will in the end raise characters to distinction that, otherwise, would have remained torpid from the chill of penury, or inert in literature, from necessary attention to pursuits of a more ignoble character.

The course of our observation renders apparent the almost universal equality of individual character in relation to learning and talent in this country. It shews the love of money to be the predominant cause of this effect, in repressing the energies of the mind either by blind prejudice or absolute neglect, and a faint prospect of less gloomy times arises, from the establishment of an institution, at once eminent for its funds, its popularity, and the intelligence of its founders.

* The Athenæum.

For the Emerald.

Messrs. Editors,

I am induced to send you the following remarks which are the result of a recent enquiry into the situation and manners of the people of the East.

CRITO.

REVOLUTIONS in government and religion always introduce a new system of education. The customs, manners, and genius of the Arabs remain the same to this day that they were four thousand years ago. They divide their history into two parts, calling the first the *ages of ignorance*, and the latter that of wisdom as brought to effect by Mahomet.

Though among the ancient Arabians letters were generally unknown, eloquence and poetry were successfully cultivated. They endeavoured to excel in both, and whoever was able in an assembly to persuade the people to a great enterprize, or dissuade them from a dangerous one, or gave wholesome advice was honoured with the title of orator. They were so possessed of their national eloquence, that they allowed no other people, except the Persians, to understand the art of public speaking. To their poetry they seemed to have been chiefly indebted; it preserved and polished the language; it marked the line of descents, the rights of tribes and the memory of great actions. No pains was spared in the tuition of a youth who discovered a poetical talent. As soon as his pieces procured admiration, he was esteemed a public honour to his tribe, which was congratulated by the other tribes, and large entertainments made, at which the women assisted dressed in their nuptial ornaments, singing to the sound of timbrels the happiness of the tribe, who had now one to protect its honour, and secure its fame in his songs. Poetry contained their knowledge and instruction, moral and economical, and poetry, as an oracle, settled all doubts and differences. As the Arabs considered an elegant and instructive poem as the summit of human perfection, a spirit of emulation was kept up among the poets; and to produce an useful rivalry an annual assembly was held at Ocadh, which meeting lasted a month, during which they contended for the prize of poetry, by repeating their compositions. It is said this institution produced the seven famous poems called the Moallakat which were suspended in the tomb of Mahomet, according to Sir William Jones; or as others affirm, deposited in the king's treasury. The assembly and fair at Ocadh was suppressed by Mahomet which occasioned poetry to decline; but after his conquests were extended, and peace established, it revived, and with it all other learning.

Children were taught arms and horsemanship and a munificent disposition, that they might be ready to repel their enemies, or kindle the fire of hospitality for the stranger: that a man's praise was to receive an encomium on generosity, and a woman's the celebration of her parsimony and beauty. They were also encouraged to vivacity, quickness of apprehension and penetration, and enjoined to exactitude of words and respect to kindred. Their sciences were those of history and genealogies. A knowledge of the stars so as to foretel the changes of the weather, which they perfected by long experience and observation. Their mechanical arts extended to the building of elegant temples and houses in the Egyptian taste. They had a proverb that God gave the Arabs four peculiar things, turbans

instead of diadems, tents instead of walls, swords instead of entrenchments, and poems instead of laws.

For the Emerald.

[The following Essay is written with so much spirit and elegance, and so exactly meets the ideas which have hitherto influenced the editors, as to challenge for it a place in the Emerald.

The classical scholar has his literary treasures at command, and displays them to the greatest advantage.—Like the personal property of the merchant they are ready for every fortunate speculation, and are at hand for the daily purposes of business and exchange, while the learned student with all his real estate of science and philosophy will frequently be perplexed by a want of the current coin of literature and appear like a pauper from the impossibility of using the immense treasures of which he thinks himself possessed.]

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Much of science is vain, and much is mutable. But classical taste is eternal, like the languages with which it is delighted. The Greek and Latin languages are, by Prejudice, Ignorance and Absurdity, called the *dead* languages, but they are not dead in the law of literature, nor buried in the tombs of the monks. They *live* in the memory of every judicious student, and they will flourish *IN IMMORTAL YOUTH*, when many modern dialects, and half of the sciences are covered with all the cobwebs of oblivion. An astronomer, peering at remote stars, a mathematician buried among the dry bones of diagrams, and a metaphysician engaged in the fantastic chase of things unsearchable, are all insulated beings, with nothing of splendour, and little of use: but a CLASSICAL SCHOLAR is a public, a shining, and a conspicuous character. To him belong, exclusively, the tongue of an eloquent orator, and the pen of a ready writer. He alone is read with rapture, he alone is listened to with attention and applause. By classical discipline, Pitt and Bolingbroke, Murray and Burke, Lyttleton and Windham, attained their glorious pre-eminence, and at the desk or at the toilet, in conversation, or in council were able to convince, to persuade, to dazzle, and to delight.

We insist with the more earnestness on this topic, because, though the ancients, those tutelary powers of learning, are reverently worshipped at Oxford and Cambridge, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, they have been considered as so many false gods in more than one vast country. The neglect of them has been the sure portent of a degenerate and declining state. In France, many years before the Revolution, and during the whole of that execrable epoch, the study of Greek was openly derided by a swarm of sciolists, who infested the schools and poisoned the people; and in those esections of America where the most savage manners, the most licentious theories, and the most infamous principles are prevalent men speak nothing but a barbarous dialect of their mother tongue. In the rising geniuses of Columbia, the gentlemen and the cavaliers, all the ambitious, all the aspiring, will unfold *Plato* and Tully by the bright reflection of the CLASSICAL LAMP, and, leaving the vile trash of literature to be devoured by the *swinish multitude*, will fervently echo our wish, that the enchanting writers of antiquity may be studied in every age by the side of the gentle Thames and the romantic Schuylkill, on the banks of the Neva and the shores of the Propontis.

THE FOUNDER OF A FAMILY.

(Concluded from p. 443.)

[We should need an excuse to the readers of the Emerald for thus continuing an extract from a work, which though not common, is sometimes to be found on the shelves of a circulating library, if it was not a most elegant specimen of *satirical narrative*. There is acumen and point in the remarks. The writer holds a bold and faithful pencil, and his chapter may in one sense be considered a companion picture for the celebrated "*Progress of Dissipation.*"

The severity is not without its use and the description not without a moral. We are too much in the habit of paying an idolatrous worship at the shrine of Plutus, and shutting our eyes against every vice that is "plated with gold." We may here learn the manner in which wealth is frequently accumulated, and while the description is not intended to raise any misanthropic antipathies towards the goods of the world, it will nevertheless teach us the estimation in which those should be held, who have no other merit than the fortuitous acquirement of money.

In continuing our extract we pass over the introduction of Sawyer D ckens to the respectable Mr. Darlington, the proposition of the *old* calculator of the main chance, that his son should be admitted as a partner in the banking house of Darlington & Co. and resume the words of the author.]

In the mean time Dickens and his son had quitted the house; the former with no slight degree of astonishment at the conduct of Mr. Darlington.

"The thing, however, must take that course," said he to his son; "I am sure it must, Sawyer.—There's no loop hole. Pride's in the way: he thinks we are not grand enough in family connexions:—but we are in possession of that that will buy titles, boy—He is a good meaning man that Darlington, but a little weak in the noddle: crying and pouting about what can't be helped; all idle nonsense. Well, let him alone a bit—must come to, Sawyer. We have him in a bag; of two evils he'll choose the least, I warrant. Won't relish bankruptcy. See if any of his grand cousins will raise two hundred thousand—not amongst them all together. Let him try the city—many a one willing to catch at such an opening; but where's their hundred thousands? Yes, yes, I foresaw all this; must come to us at last, and then, Sawyer, you are made forever. The best accounts in all the city—receivership of the county—treasureship accounts—government accounts; I know what I am about, my boy; and I am sure Sawyer Dickens is not the undutiful son or the snivelling fool that would baulk the opinions of his father."

As this votary of wealth now prophecied, precisely so it came to pass. After a variety of struggles between pride and shame—between the instant disgrace and ruin of bankruptcy, and the more remote humiliation of adding Sawyer Dickens to the firm, the heart-broken Darlington acceded at length to the latter. Sawyer Dickens was immediately admitted, upon the most liberal and polite terms, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Darlington, and attended the banking-house in the capacity of a pupil, who was hereafter to become a principal in the concern.

It was the substance of one clause in the articles of this agreement, that if, on or before a certain day, Sawyer Dickens married Amelia Darlington, then and in that case the said sum of two hundred thousand pounds, now belonging to Edward Dickens, with all other share, interest, and concern whatever which

he now possessed in the house of Darlington and Dickens, should be and become the joint property of the said Sawyer Dickens and Augustus Darlington, and the survivor of them forever. The intent of this clause was obvious, and that intent was answered. The credit, the fortunes of Darlington now rested entirely on the connexion with Dickens, and the filial anxiety of Amelia soon discovered that important secret.

At the same time, Sawyer Dickens, with his father, perceived the numerous advantages that must accrue from a relationship with the family of Darlington, in the event of his death, and urged with importunity his pretensions to the gentle Amelia.—They were married.—Mr. Darlington lived to bless their nuptials, and then sunk with resignation to that grave, which the indiscretions of a beloved son had prematurely prepared.

The heart of old Dickens was now without a wish: he beheld the work of his hands, and rejoiced. From penury itself he had arisen to a level, in point of fortune, with the richest men of his age, and he saw his son firmly established in a concern that added every year immense accumulation to his already overgrown fortune. He lived to see that son the father of a son, and then his career of avarice was closed forever.

Through life he had suffered no pain, he had enjoyed no pleasure, from the intellectual part of his being: for in him the accumulation of wealth was not a passion, but merely an instinct, which afforded him only a similar enjoyment to that, which the indulgence of gluttony yields to its grovelling votaries In death he experienced neither mental terror nor hope; his corporeal sufferings engrossed his whole essence of being, except that in short intervals of ease he would exhort his son to preserve and to increase that wealth, which it had been the chief end of his existence to create. The widow Dickens survived her husband only a few months; and these three deaths left Mr. Sawyer Dickens, as before stated, one of the wealthiest commoners in England.

Education had given him advantages to which his father ever remained a stranger: and his introduction, at an early period of life, to the polite and intelligent circle of Mr. Darlington's acquaintance afforded him a view of the world never seen by his sire. The amiable qualities and the refined accomplishments of his Amelia were also charms that wrought an almost magical effect upon the nature of Dickens. Insensibly he became the well-informed man, the polished gentleman, and, by degrees, the combined influence of his manners and his purse introduced Mr. Sawyer Dickens into the very highest circles of fortune, rank, and fashion.

He had attained his thirty-second year, and was in the zenith of his influence and notoriety, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-five, the summer of which his family had passed at Brighton; and it was to this family that Laurence and his son were now sailing.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS

The Emerald has devoted so many of its pages to the choicest biographical sketches that have recently issued from the British Press, that it is with pleasure we perceive a commendation of the practise in an editorial article of the late Port Folio.

We are entirely of opinion with a certain Caledonian critic, who

decision will be supported by a great majority of our polite readers, that by a series of such Biographical Sketches, interspersed with enlightened Criticism, Polite Literature may be most effectually studied, and most extensively disseminated among the reading classes of the community; the taste and intelligence of the nation may be gradually improved; our notions of excellence may be enlarged and corrected; and the objects of liberal emulation and the sources of innocent enjoyment may be multiplyed among us to a very great extent. Biographical writings, if ably executed, ARE BETTER CALCULATED FOR THESE PURPOSES THAN ANY OTHER SORT OF PUBLICATION; because they are less laborious, more entertaining, and more miscellaneous than any thing else, and necessarily let us into the peculiar character of the age and the nation, as well as the merits of the author in question. When we toil through a formal dissertation, or even a selection of celebrated passages, we feel that we have a *task* to perform, from which it would be often agreeable to escape, and in which but a few can ever be expected to engage. But Biography is amusing and easy. The knowledge which it communicates assimilates readily with our general literature and the judgments which it suggests being formed without effort, and in the course of a pleasant occupation, are likely to be more candid and natural.

An epigram of two lines by Lucillius shews in one view, and in the strongest manner, the melancholy ideas which the decline of life presented to the minds of the ancients, and the contempt in which they held that fond attachment, or natural weakness, which clings to life even among calamities the most oppressive and in situations the most unhappy.

When for long-life the old man pours his pray'rs,
Grant, Jove, an endless life of growing years!

The pain which is generally found in this life to tread close on the heels of our greatest pleasures, is another very fertile subject for complaints of human misery. Nay the very pleasures we enjoy are often snares in our way to entrap us into misery. "*Non væ ista Fortunæ putatis? Insidiæ sunt.*"—SENECA. Under the influence of sickness and pain, what a wretched animal is man! But when the raging pestilence seizes on a whole people, when private calamities are swallowed up in one great public ruin, how truly terrible is the picture! how humiliating the aspect of human nature! Then all is awful gloomy, suspense, and horror. The voice of cheerfulness is disgusting and repulsive. The admonitions of philosophy can scarcely be felt or heard.

Oh Pericles! in vain thou spread'st the feast
To drive away the heart's unwelcome guest,
When o'er the state disease and death impend,
And heaven's high arch the people's clamours rend!
Like the wild billows of the deep's profound,
The tide of pestilence rolls wide around.
Their bosoms swell with pangs unfelt before—
But yet th' immortal Gods reserve in store
E'en for their fiercest ills a sovereign cure,
With patient souls those evils to endure.
Heaven's vengeance will not always last—if we
Now weep in blood our nature's misery,
Soon shall the heavy scale of evil turn,
And our full draught augment another's urn;
Oh! suffer then the common trials sent,
And cast away your wonted lament.

In an eloquent pamphlet, written in the decline of his life, BURKE gallantly defends himself against the charge of political inconstancy. The argument is irresistible, and the language of one sentence shall speak for itself.

He has been charged with passing from extreme to extreme; but he has always kept himself in a medium. This charge is not wonderful. It is in the nature of things, that they, who are in the centre of a circle, should appear directly opposed to those who view them from any part of the circumference. In that middle point, however, he will still remain, though he may hear people, who themselves *run beyond the Aurora and the Ganges*, cry out, that he is at *the extremity of the West.*

A lover in the depth of winter presents a wreath of hot-house flowers to his lady on her birth-day, with the following little compliment, prettily introduced, by making the roses themselves the apparent deliverers of it.

Children of Spring, but now in wint'ry snow,
We, purple Roses, for Amanda blow.
Duteous we smile upon thy natal morn;
Thy bridal bed tomorrow we adorn.
Oh sweeter far to bloom our little day
Wreath'd in thy hair, than wait the sunny May!

Among Burns's Scottish Poems is a very beautiful one describing with the same minuteness of detail a garland woven for his mistress. But it would be endless to furnish instances of this nature from the stores of pastoral or naturally descriptive poetry. In the ages and in the lands of chivalry no less were flowers adopted as the emblems of love or constancy.

"Julia de Gonzaga, the wife of Vaspasian Colonna, after her husband's death took for her device an amaranth, which herbalists call "flower of love" with a motto "*non moritura*," by which she meant to express that her first love should be eternal; and she maintained her resolution; for though in the prime of youth and beauty, and sought after by the most noble lords of Italy, she sent them all off with this dilemma:—"If the man I marry turns out a good husband, I shall always be afraid of losing him; if a bad one, I shall not be able to endure him." She said, with the unfortunate Queen of Carthage, but with a firmer mind to support her determination,

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.

EPIGRAM BY METRODORUS.

Whatever path of life you choose to tread,
Praise and wise deeds the active senate yields;
At home is rest, to crown your grateful bed;
Great Nature leads her Graces o'er the fields.

The sea invites with golden views of gain,
And riches spread in foreign lands your fame;
If poor, you unobserv'd can want sustain,
Content with penury unallied to shame.

If married, blest and honour'd is your state;
If single, you are blest because you're free;
The father joys, no cares the childless wait,
In youth is strength, in grey hair dignity.
Then false the lay that bids thee hate to live,
Since ev'ry form of life can pleasure give.

A man, says the inimitable ADDISON, would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon. Human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy, nor so happy as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no

God in the world, nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

GOLDSMITH, who is not much below him as a genuine English Classick, expresses himself often with the same felicity: Every situation in life brings its own peculiar pleasures; every morning wakes us to a repetition of toil, but the evening repays it with vacant hilarity.

GIBBON thus describes a literary gladiator.

He was a master of science, of language, and, above all, of dispute; and his acute and flexible logic could support, with equal address, and, perhaps, with equal indifference, the adverse sides of every possible question.

THE MARRIED MAN'S ADDRESS TO THE LIBERTINES.

I AM married and happy, with wonder hear this!
Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss, [gage
Whom none but loose pleasures en-
You may laugh——but believe me, "you're all in the wrong,"
When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage alone lasting pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.
Of the joys I possess, you know not one jot, [ceive;
They contain what you cannot con-
Contented and happy, I am pleas'd with my lot, [ceive;
Whilst all your false-pleasures de-
Do you ask—from what source my felicity flows?
My answer is short—from a wife,
Whom for virtue, good sense, and good manners I've chose;
Such as these are the blessings of life.
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Every moment each strives for to seize;
And we find ourselves happy from morning 'till night,
By mutual endeavours to please.

The following paragraph is extracted from a British Critique on a new opera, called "*The Travellers.*" It may afford a hint to American actors and actresses.

"That species of turgid style and affected sentiment, which modern playwriters have unhappily mistaken for fine writing, abounds in every part of the dialogue, and the most fulsome and disgusting compliments to the British nation, are put into the mouths of almost all the characters, Chinese, Turkish, Italian, Irish, and English, as they successively appear. This indirect way of flattering ourselves, has something in it so offensive to good taste, and so inconsistent with national dignity, that it ought to be strongly and publickly discountenanced."

DIAPERS.

Diaper is the name given to a linen cloth with a rhomboidal figure or pattern which is used to make napkins and nightcaps. Whence the word? I suspect it to have been originally written D'Ypres; that the art of manufacturing it was brought hither from Flanders; and that the article was named from its native place. Many kinds of stuff are called from the towns in which they were first made. Thus, at Leeds are sold Amens (originally Amiens); at Halifax, Denims (originally De Nismes); at Manchester, calicoes (originally Calicuts or Calcuttas); at Norwich, Mecklenburgs; and in Spital-fields, Mantuas andPaduasoys.—Worsted-yarn is so called from a town in Norfolk, where the Flemish wool-combers first stled; and porcelain has its vulgar name from China.

THE colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters, make it. Then it is we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes and disappointments.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE *LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY.*

The most distinguishable style of hat, is a complete gipsy, with the lowest possible crown; and some of our elegant females wear an entire round flat chip, tied across the crown with a coloured patent-net handkerchief, embroidered in a border of natural flowers. The small French bonnet, and cottage poke, are also in general request. The former are composed of coloured figured sarsnet; the latter of muslin, or leno, lined with coloured Persian; and each are usually worn with the promenade tippet, of the same materials.—For a morning, the fugitive coat, of cambric, or muslin, with a deep collar, pointed in front, and finished with the acorn tassel, is considered simple and elegant. With these last mentioned articles, the gipsy hat, of satin straw, with the magic or bee-hive crown, is most appropriate and becoming; but no flowers can be consistently admitted in the morning costume. The round French robe, the Algerine vest, and the mantle wrap, are each amidst the last offerings of taste and fashion; and are formed of undrest crape, Angola silk, or muslin. Dresses and robes are often seen in plain coloured muslins, ornamented with Vandyke lace; and with them is worn the Anne Bullen cap, which is considered the most novel and simple article of the kind that has been introduced for a length of time. The head-dress continues in the antique and Grecian style; and the hair is parted on the forehead *à-la-Cleopatra*, or *Madona*. The backs of dresses are a little advanced in fashionable circles, since our last information; and the bosom is usually made to sit close to the form. In full-dress, the sleeve is shorter than ever: but in the morning (and frequently in the evening dress) the long sleeve is adopted universally. Walking dresses are now made rather longer than we have witnessed for some time; so that, in walking, they just offer a graceful occupation for the hand. Trains again form a part of the evening costume, except for dancing, when they are invariably made short, and formed in the Arcadian style. Vandyke and shell-scollop trimmings, in lace or work, ornament almost every article of fashionable attire; and pointed drapery, tastefully disposed, has entirely exploded almost every other. The Flemish spencers, with flowing scarfs, are now become too general to find a place amidst a fashionable selection. The spencer is, however, so convenient and generally becoming an article, that we still continue our recommendation of it to those females who wish to adopt the intermediate style. Scarfs are less seen this summer than we ever remember them; but the Etruscan mantle, and the order of the gipsy and Spanish cloak, are still conspicious amidst the gay and fashionable throng. Flowers in full dress, are at this time the prevailing ornaments, both as decorations for the head, and trimmings for robes. Wreaths of the oak leaf, of the hop blossom, wild roses, honey-suckle, pea blossom, horse chesnut, rock-lily, &c.&c. will be found distinguishable ornaments on the birth-day.

A CARD.

The writer of THE THESPIAD, when he commenced the remarks which appeared in the last Emerald, intended to have pursued through the season a course of critical remarks on the Drama, according as in his opinion the merits of the performers were worth the trouble of a notice, or the amusements of the theatre were sufficiently interesting to draw public attention.

As the present Editors of the Emerald have since determined to pass their establishment into other hands, and as his principal inducement to the undertaking was to aid the circulation of a paper in which they were concerned, he hopes it will not be considered as the mark of levity or capriciousness when he declares his intention of relinquishing his original purpose. B.

Wednesday, Sept. 23d, 1807.

NOTICE.

E. Livingston, of New-Orleans, is about to translate and publish a complete body of the civil Law, in ten volumes, octavo, at ten dollars per volume.

POETRY.

In an early number of the Magazine, while under the direction of the present *conductors of the Emerald, the following lines entitled* THE WRECK OF REASON, *appeared as an Original communication, from one of their correspondents. Their merit obtained their insertion in almost all the periodical works of the United States, and in several monthly publications in Europe. From one of these without an acknowledgement, of the source from which it was derived, it was copied, into the Port Folio, with the subsequent commentary. In justice to our friendly correspondent, who like Bloomfield united the duties of* mechanical labour *with the amusements or the* inspiration of poetry; *we think it proper to transcribe it for the Emerald.*

"It is whispered, we know not with what foundation, that Mrs. Radcliffe, the author of some of the best romances which have appeared either in England or on the Continent, has been for some time deprived of her reason and confined in a private mad-house. This melancholy event is ascribed by some to the brutality of a jealous husband, and by others, to too much intenseness of mental occupation. We hope that the whole story is destitute of foundation, and that the ingenious lady, who is the subject of this report, is sequestered from the world by her own choice, and that her fine imagination be heated, it is not in the furnace of affliction. Taking, however, the rumour to be true, some scholar of sensibility, has thus bewailed

THE WRECK OF REASON."

WOULD your imagination stray:
To scenes of horror make its way;
Would it from folly take its flight:
From scenes of pleasure, to affright;
Would it, reluctant, slowly creep,
And o'er the *wreck of reason* weep;
Hither come, ye blithe and gay;
Come, and throw your mirth away.
Weeping beauty, hither hie,
And o'er the ruin breathe a sigh;
Come and see, ye giddy vain,
A sadder sight than "crazy Jane."
The tender heart, the lib'ral mind,
The soul by sentiment refin'd,
The modest mein, the graceful air,
Are gone, and all is ruin there:
The matchless whole, divinely grac'd,
Is chang'd into chaotic waste;
The timid mind, with terror sated,
Starts at the phantoms it created.
—See the maniac's ghastly stare!
See her loose dishevelled hair!
See her wildly rolling eyes,
Distorted form, and piercing cries!
See she trembles, writhes and groans,
And fills the air with piteous moans!
—O RADCLIFFE; this at last thy fate,
To sink to such a dreadful state!
See she shudders, starts, and raves
Of grinning ghosts and gaping graves,
Of antique arms, and haunted halls,
Of tott'ring turrets, mould'ring walls.
The fulgent cross, the monkish cowl,
The raven's flap, the boding owl,
The warning knell, the mystic roll,
With horror strike her frenzied soul.
The murky vault's terrific gloom,
The echoes from the dismal tomb,
The quiv'ring pall, the crimson'd knife,
All gory with the blood of life,
The secret cell, the glimmering light,
The putrid corse, the flitting sprite,
The pendant chain, the magic chest,
With terror fill her frantic breast.
No more she 'll pen the fairy dream,
The awful, yet the pleasing theme:
No more portray, with matchless art,
To frighten, yet delight the heart:
Genius in her has left the throne,
And madness now usurps alone.
Let frozen souls precise and nice,
Call her the native child of vice;
Let torpid spirits, dry and stale,
Affect to startle and bewail;
A potent reason all may bring,
They in her *moral* find a *sting*—
E'en savage minds to feeling dead,
And icy hearts by *virtue led*,
When pitying death relieves her woe,
And lays the hapless victim low,
Might come, and on the maniac's bier,
Shed pensive pity's toftest tear.

MR. GRIZZLE, AND MISS WRINKLE.

An entire New Song.

WHEN violets blossom in the grove,
And linnets whistle notes of love,
When jocund swains with milk-maids rove,
To tell the artless tale,

Miss Molly Wrinkle, faultering cries,
"I feel emotions constant rise,
"O spare a blushing virgin's sighs
"For Mr. Grizzle in the vale."

Now Grizzle's face would give the lie
To every feeling Love might try,
His tender heart was *all my eye*,
'Twould blunt a rusty nail.
Says he, "Pray Molly don't be rash,
"Your smiles I cannot turn to cash;
"Hearts, darts, and Cupids, are all trash
"To Mr. Grizzle in the Vale."

A wither'd lilly Molly lay,
The rose-bud, Time had cut away,
And ebon locks had turn'd to grey,
Alas! what could prevail?
Stiff as a ram-rod Molly grew,
And every art she tried anew,
To win that little—worse than Jew,
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale.

A monument of skin and grief,
Miss Molly moan'd without relief,
While Mr. Grizzle eat his beef,
And sipp'd his can of ale.
Ye gods! what havoc Love can make,
For Death thought fit at last to take
Miss Molly from that barbarous rake,
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale.

The village gossips soon arose,
Grizzle at last uneasy grows;
He bit his lips, and blew his nose,
To hear the woeful tale.
A *Crowner's quest* her exit tried,
The verdict, no one there denied,—
Miss Molly Wrinkle, spinster, died,
For Grizzle in the Vale.

IRISH WIT.

A jolly crew, it often happens so,
Met at an inn one day to eat and drink;
How much they ate or drank I do not know,
But 'twas no trifle, we may safely think

Among the rest a little PADDY came
To take his glass, and join the festive league—
I do not know that I can tell his name,
But if I don't forget his name was *Teague.*
Being well seated, it was thus resolv'd,
That each should ask a question from his noddle,
And he who ask'd one which he could not solve,
Should for the public weal bestow his bottle.

Agreed, cries Teague, with heart brim-full of glee,
And as there seems to be no great objection,
I'll be for asking foremost, do you see,
And leave the answer to your sage reflection.

You've seen, says he, where squirrels dig their holes;
What is the reason they no dirt dig out?
Why, answers one, that troubles not our souls;
You ask'd the question, now resolve the doubt.

Well, answers Teague, they are a crafty creature,
And don't begin to dig as doth a mole,
For being of a nature vastly neater,
They first begin at t'other end the hole.

Stop, stop, says one, with eyes that brightly stare,
And heart in Bacchus's bright sunshine basking,
How came this wonder working squirrel *there?*
In faith, cries Teague, that's of *your own* wise asking.

A RIDDLE.

BLITHE Aphrodite ever young
Was shapen from the foam of sea:
Of purer crystal I am sprung,
And smoother billows fashion'd me.

Cupid and I both bend our bows,
By Beauty's temples both incline;
He o'er his eyes a bandage throws;
A twofold lustre gleams from mine.

Like him, the fringed brow I seek,
And aid each lurking charm to spy;
Like him, I pillow on the cheek,
And nestle near the languid eye.

A quiver on his shoulder shines,
In rattling case my powers I hide:
In couples, he the young confines;
In pairs, a graver throng I guide.

Of him let headlong passion learn:
Philosophy learns much through me:
Can you not yet discern my name?
I've help'd you, I suspect, to see.

Boston, Mass. Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG.
No. 70, State Street.